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THE ALPS.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHAMOUNIX, Savoy, June 20, 1855.

MONT BLANC is not, as many suppose it, a gigantic pile of rock and ice rising abruptly from an arable plain, but the highest peak in a great system of mountains, covering many thousand square miles of Central Europe and elevating its entire surface—a few narrow valleys excepted—from five to fifteen thousand feet above the level of the seas. I have had several glimpses of the monarch's reverend head, which towers just above the steep Aiquille du Midi, which rises some 4,000 feet from the bed of the Arve under my window, and of course rather more than 7,000 above the level of the ocean. Here at Chamounix the crest of Mont Blanc is still some ten miles distant, and I apprehend that I shall never obtain a nearer view of it. Even that which I hoped to gain from the summit of the Flagere, which rises abruptly and loftily from the opposite (western) bank of the Arve, has been unattainable because of the canopy of cloud and fog which, with very brief interruptions, has overhung this valley ever since I entered it, five days ago. Several have meantime toilsomely climbed to the adjacent pinnacle, only to find it enshrouded like the valley below, and to find themselves obliged to return unrewarded for their effort except by a glorious appetite. I have profited by their experience without sharing their fatigue. Mountain-climbing is a very wholesome exercise—I used to enjoy it, and can still heartily recommend it to my young friends as exhilarating to the spirits and favorable to digestion—but, by those on the shady side of forty, this, like many other pleasures, will naturally be enjoyed in moderation. It is, therefore, of not the least consequence to me personally that Mont Blanc is inaccessible at this season and till some time in August—no guide being permitted to scale the intervening precipices and brave the constantly falling avalanches which furrow its sides, if any adventurer would be found fool-hardy enough to [illegible] I am very well content to admire the lonely peak at a respectful distance, though the view from the Flagere of the entire cluster of pinnacles, forty or fifty in number, of which he is chief, would have been most welcome. As it is, I must e'en content myself with my yesterday's ascent to

MONTANVERT.

The bridle-path that leads to Montanvert runs up the valley for half a mile from the center of this village, then bears abruptly to the right and commences the ascent of the mountain—steep, rocky and difficult from the outset. Patches of grass and oats are assiduously fostered wherever soil enough can be held on the sloping rock to nourish them; the cattle and goats of the village find footing and sustenance at intervals for the first mile of the path, during which we rise about a thousand feet; then the ascent becomes steeper, the surface more rocky, and a scanty growth of hemlocks acts as a preventive to land-slides for two or three miles. The furrows down the mountain-side are crossed laterally, and begin to be filled with the still unmelted snows of last winter. Our path zigzags inevitably, but still preserves a general northward inclination toward the Glacier des Bois and the Mer de Glace, which intersect at right angles the valley about a mile and a half above this village. These shallow snow-ridges which cross our path afford at present very insecure footing for mules, being softened by sun and rain, and often undermined by running water, aside from the chance of their sliding bodily down the mountain-side, mixing up mule and rider in their undesirable company. The reaches of the path are very short and the turns necessarily abrupt, while great rocks push their jagged points into the narrow track from either side and threaten to nip an unwary rider's foot between them and his mule. Though mine was sure-footed and self-possessed, with no other faults than the constitutional laziness and obstinacy of his tribe, I was obliged to leave him for want of road about a mile before reaching the summit. This is not the peak of the mountain, but its shoulder toward the Mer de Glace, where a spot not to steep and a fair exposure to the sun have coaxed out some vegetation and induced the erection of a rude place of entertainment and traffic in crystals, agates, &c., from the adjacent glaciers. From this house we zig-zagged down a precipitous hill-side, descending (I judge) at least five hundred perpendicular feet to

LA MER DE GLACE.

The snow is ever falling, falling, not in winter only, but throughout the year, throughout the ages, on the mountains above the line of perpetual frost, until the ravines and furrows leading down their sides are filled with it to a depth of many feet, (in some instances hundreds) so that if all were to be suddenly melted, the valleys below would be deluged and their population swept away. But this vast body of snow does not melt and never will, until the final conflagration, if such there is to be; yet the congealed deposit cannot be augmented forever. Slowly the snow is transformed by its own weight, and by an occasional breath of gentler air into ice; every hour some slide or avalanche bears down a mass of it to some less frigid resting place; slowly the icy mass, now miles in extent and in places fifty to a hundred feet deep, is crowded by the weight of the constantly accumulating masses behind it, further and further from the lofty summits down the steep declivities, carrying with it large rocks which it has imbedded, breaking off portions of others, grinding one upon another, and each upon the vast, immovable mountain-billows across which they are impelled, mixing pebble, splinter and new-made sand with its own substance, to which fresh accretions are added each chilly night. In places, as lower and less frigid altitudes are reached, water in its liquid form begins to percolate through and drip from the icy immensity into the hollows and crevices beneath; for the mountain gorges and plateaus which form its bed are rigidly rocky and irregular, so that pools gradually form beneath the ice, and are slowly swelled by the influx of water until more room is indispensable, and the strong barrier above is burst with a noise like thunder. Other fractures and crevices are made while crossing immovable ridges of rock in the channel: while still greater contortions and upheavals are occasioned bp the narrowing of the basin between two spurs of opposite mountains. Such is LA MER DE GLACE—the Sea of Ice—which has it origin in the depressions which furrow the sides of Mont Blanc and his satellites, and is said to be fifty-four miles in length, (counting, I presume, all its affluents and sinuosities,) and which varies from half a mile to three miles in width.

Aided by my guide, I walked half way across the Mer de Glace, on the faint suggestion of a path which leads from Montanvert across it, and over a shoulder of the Aiguilles du Dru to the Jardin, a green and grassy plateau in midsummer on the south front of a mountain, 9,000 feet above the sea—probably the highest patch of verdure in the Temperate Zone. They tell me that, some time in July, the young cattle of Chamounix are collected and driven up to Montanvert, thence down to and across the Mer de Glace and on up to the Jardin, there to feed under the care of a solitary shepherd through the ensuing month. At it close, another shepherd arrives with a supply of food for another month, at the end of which the cattle are driven home, the snows by this time returning to claim the Jardin as their own. Of course, some labor is required in preparing the ice-sea for the passage of the cattle either way; for the ice is so tilted and jangled that, even with an Alpine staff, a stranger traverses it with difficulty. Its surface at this low point, where it feels the milder air of Chamounix, is now softened and honey-combed into a slushy, sleety snow; now you scramble up the coned side of a great block, then you walk upon its upper edge, with a crevice that would admit your body reaching sheer down further than you can see on one side, and the steeply inclined face of the block on the other. Here a dozen blocks are tilted up into a dome-like structure twenty or thirty feet high; while on the other hand a chasm of nearly equal size discloses a pool of water in the bottoms, usually covered with thin, fresh ice. You can only be tolerably sure of your footing by continually and smartly probing the ice before you with your Alpine staff. In short, I don't know a less inviting promenade than that afforded by the Mer de Glace, and I was more pleased at getting off than I had been at getting on it. It would have been absurd to push across and up to the Jardin, 2,000 feet higher, as it was spitting snow even here, and had snowed considerably the day before, so that it was morally certain that the Jardin would be found knee deep in snow.

THE GLACIERS.

Two of the most famous Glaciers in Switzerland, both outlets, but not the only outlets, of the Mer de Glace, are within plain sight of this village, above and below it. They seem but half a mile distant respectively, but are really twice so far. The Glacier des Bossom, below, is the finer spectacle, for it seems to have built itself up a bed or platform of the rocks and gravel it has been industriously bringing down these thousands of years, so that its present base appears some fifteen or twenty feet (and may be forty or fifty) above the wooded ground on either side. The Glacier des Bois, above us, is rather less conspicuous, but is the more natural outlet of the Mer de Glace, and discharges five times the water of its rival: the Arveiron, an ample, impetuous mill-stream, flowing from beneath it, and forming the larger half of the Arve, at their junction just below.

A glacier, the reader will have understood, is the outlet or lower extremity of the Mer de Glace, or some similar lake of snow-ice, where it precipitates itself over the brow of the lower Alpine ridge into the valley below. It is Niagara poured down the side of the Alleghanies where they are steepest and frozen by an Arctic Winter into great blocks and pillars of eternal ice, whereof the upper strata appear as pyramids; generally upright, large, and knit together at the base, but sharpened toward the tops, and growing more pointed as the Summer advances and as they descend so as to feel the milder atmosphere of the valley. Descend they do and must, though no life, no motion is perceptible, and the stern silence is only broken by the rivulets bursting out and pouring in miniature cascades from this side and that, to unite with the fuller stream which flows from a cavernous aperture at the lower end, or perchance by the fall of an undermined portion of ice on one side or the other, or the rolling down of a rock which has, by the melting away of subjacent ices, been gradually undermined and left without support high up on one side or the other. Of course there is some movement in the glacier, torpid as it seems, else the lower part would melt wholly away during the Summer, giving place to a mere cascade or mountain torrent. Byron forcibly says:

"The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;"

and it is calculated that this advance averages some six feet per day; though in looking on it you would deem the idea of motion as misplaced here as in connection with an iron-mine or Mont Blanc itself.

Viewed from a distance, a glacier seems not only much nearer than it really is—its immense magnitude belittling the distance—but it seems an easy matter to step up to either side and put your hand on it; yet this is far from being the case. For not only has the glacier built itself up a high bed or platform of the rocks, pebbles and gravel it has through countless ages brought down from the mountains above—a bed whose sides are at once steep and treacherous, being as nearly perpendicular as their materials will lie—but the rolling of rocks and pebbles from the sides, with the washing of sand and gravel from the base by the streams which from time to time burst out, now at this point, then at another, (aided also by the circumstance that each glacier expands during a series of cold seasons and is contracted by a succession of relatively hot ones,) has environed each with at least one heavy *moraine*, or ridge of stones and pulverized granite, from rocks weighing a hundred tuns each down to the finest sand; and I noted at the foot of des Bois a bed of fine clay, manifestly of kindred origin. Each glacier thus rudely resembles a modern fortress, with its walls of moderate hight, its fosse or moat, and its covering bank or approach only less high than its own walls. At the bottom of des Bois there are in places two or three of these *moraines*, one behind another, the most distant often covered with scanty herbage and even shrubs, proving that the glacier has at some remote period extended considerably further than it now does. There is no temerity therefore in planting your house (as is commonly done) just at the foot of a glacier, which overhangs and seems to threaten but will never destroy it,—unless Mont Blanc should be transformed into a volcano and his eternal snows suddenly melted—and then one place in any of these Alpine valleys would be about as safe as another. The "threatened dog" may "live longest," here as well as elsewhere, being likely to have the earliest premonition and clearest appreciation of the danger.

I should have said ere this that the Mer de Glace itself has its *moraine*—broad and high, and often double or triple—as well as its subjacent glaciers. I am not sure that I could clearly evolve the law by which movable rocks imbedded in ice tend to work gradually from the center toward the sides of the lake or channel wherein they lie, but I presume the fact is undisputed. These *moraines*, composed of more or less broken and triturated granite, upheaved from inconceivable depths by the volcanic convulsions of our planet's infancy, are the more immediate source of the crystals, agates, cornelians, &c., extensively wrought and sold here.

I sat for an hour or two one rainy afternoon on the crest of the nearest and most recent *moraine*, at the foot of the Glacier des Bois, watching and studying its economy. Twice, the crash of considerable pillars or bastions of ice, undermined by water and falling outward, startled me from reverie; frequently pebbles and small stones, from which the support had melted away, fell from near the summit of the glacier, rattling down its side and bounding some distance outward from its base; and there was quite a rock right in front of my position which was evidently just ready to tumble, but stubbornly refused to make the plunge in presence of a stranger. The ice at the foot of the glacier is only separated by a single *moraine* from the belt of hemlocks which here confront it; but these grow on the summit and sides of an old *moraine*—with what Cæsar or Pharaoh cotemporary, who can tell? A venerable apple-tree (but I think no apple-tree usually bears in this valley) stands in the rank green grass very close to the hemlocks, and perhaps ten rods from the extremity of the glacier; the *chalet* of the farmer stands on the open glade a few rods further down toward the Arve. The Arveiron, however, does not issue from the lower (western) end of the glacier, but from beneath its southern side several rods nearer the foot of the mountain, running off a mile or so nearly parallel with the Arve before joining it. The Arve may be said to have its source in the glacier of Argentiere, three or four miles further up the valley, though rivulets of course descend to it from the summits of mountains still futher north and east.

LIFE AT CHAMOUNIX.

Most European villages are absurdly built: those of Savoy most absurdly of them all. Chamounix, for example, consists of a single street leading up the right (west) bank of the Arve, with a bit of a cross road running from the church on the hill-side down to and across the Arve, whence diverge the respective paths to Montanvert and Mont Blanc. The one street parallel to the Arve faces nine-tenths of the eighty to a hundred houses composing the village, and forms the only constant channel of intercourse with the world below. (In Summer, the road up the valley terminates in two mule-paths, one leading over the Tete Noir and the other over the Col de Balme, into Switzerland; both these are closed through the long Winter, and only the former is yet passable for the season.) This main street, or road through the valley, instead of being straight and at least forty feet wide, as common sense would have it, is from eight to twelve feet wide, and is cut into pieces by the pushing of the rude rock cabins now from this side, now from that, into and across the middle of where the road should be. I don't think there is a spot from end to end where a traveler can see four rods in either direction and hardly one where meeting carriages of any sort can pass. Heaps of manure put up in the Spring to rot for application in the Fall crowd every available space, irrigating and discoloring the adjacent street, so that I cannot believe any portion of our Fourth or Sixth road in New-York so foul and fetid as the center of the village of Chamounix. The dwellings are very nicely adapted to their location. The three or four hotels, supported entirely by strangers, who are only seen here during the Summer months, are as good as could be expected, considering the scanty resources of the valley and the difficulty of intercourse with the world outside. The only manufactures known here are those of wooden knick-knacks (admirably carved) and of rings, bracelets, breastpins, &c., from the crystals, agates, and other fancied stones found about the Mer de Glace and its glaciers. These, diversified by wood-cutting, hunting, &c., occupy the long Winter; for the snow lies in the valley till April, and is then expelled by sprinkling its surface with sand, ashes, &c., which hasten its departure. The snow probably disappears from all the adjacent mountain-faces in the course of the Summer, but may be seen on the higher and remoter peaks at all times when the fogs allow them to be visible.

All the land that grass can cling to and not be uprooted by the force of gravitation is improved, but not wisely. Grass is the staple, as it should be; and on this (in the main) generous soil, under these dripping skies, these fountain-girdled eminences, there should never be less than two tuns of hay cut to the acre; but there is oftener less than half of it. Oats, Potatoes, Cabbages, Wheat, Rye, Hemp, and a little Flax are cultivated, and are generally of fair promise, though the custom of covering whole fields irregularly with seed-potatoes, planted but three or four inches apart, must tend to belittle the harvest. Plums are the principal fruit, but I judge that Apples are so lucky as to dodge the frosts of one year in every seven, or I should not meet apple-trees, as I occasionally do. I trust those who come here next September will find ripe Strawberries: for other berries, I infer that the Autumn snows fall too soon. I think, however, that I have seen a few Gooseberry bushes nearly up to this point. The Vine stopped on the rise of the first long, hard hill, not far above Sallenche. Corn (Indian) halted rather lower down.

The wood hereabouts is mainly Hemlock, which grows wherever frost will let it, and of which nearly all the boards used in the valley are made. Next in importance is the Swamp or Bunch Alder, in America merely a larger shrub, but which here grows luxuriantly, on dry land as well as wet, to a hight of forty or fifty feet, and to the size of a man's body, so that it is often split into fence rails. Some pasture groves of it are really beautiful—the trees slender and straight as an arrow. A few Birches and (I think) Blue Beeches, but no Oaks, are seen. No other tree seems to endure persistently so low a temperature as the Hemlock. I never saw Wild Flowers so abundant nor so delicate as they are through all this Alpine region, and the Grass is peculiarly tender and sweet.

The people seem honest, kind and faithful; their worst fault an addiction to beggary. The price for a mule and a guide for an excursion of less than a day is six francs each; and if they would ask even more and be content when they received it few would object; but to be importuned for extra compensation after you have paid all that was originally asked is a trial to patience. The fields are tilled by women more than men—laboriously yet inefficiently; they work assiduously, but to little purpose, through want of knowledge or skill and want of means. It is melancholy to see the children who should be in school (I cannot find the school-house) each herding a cow, or two or three goats on the mountain-side, or chasing disgusted travelers from place to place, urging them to buy their few ragged and worthless crystals, or a handful of Alpine flowers, or a glass of water—anything to gain a penny. I am sure the whole number thus seeking pence cannot realize three cents each per day; those who herd cattle may earn half that sum. Meantime, their fathers seek larger recompense as guides, coachmen, &c.—and so many seek that but a small per centage can find—while the mothers are bowed, wrinkled and haggish from severe and protracted digging, burden-carrying, &c. Most of them walk knitting, and I have seen one knitting along the road with a heavy basket strapped on her back. These mountains are magnificent, when the fogs will let them be seen; these glaciers are wonderful; the fields are emerald; and innumerable rills of purest crystal course swiftly through them from the mountains to feed the turbulent, greenish-milky Arve, (for all the streams issuing from glaciers have a clayey, light-green hue.) These evergreens clothe the hillsides with a verdure dark yet grateful to the eye; these gorges, glens and cascades are admirable in their wildness, variety and profusion; but these foggy mornings, cloudy days and chilly evenings are favorable neither to health nor comfort, and I shall gladly turn my face toward civilization and sunshine to-morrow. H. G.

THE PARTITION OF TURKEY.

Correspondence of The London Times:

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday, June 24, 1855.

It is with no small gratification that a well-wisher to the peace of the East must learn that the position of the Danubian Principalities has at length roused the attention of Europe. It is now nearly a year since, in pursuance of a treaty with the Porte, Austria advanced her legions amid the applause and hopes of the civilized world. Russia was forced by the adverse demonstration to withdraw from before Silistria, at a time when insufficient preparations prevented the Western Powers from giving any assistance to the defenders of the place. That the Austrian occupation was a relief to Turkey and enabled her allies to concentrate all their power on offensive warfare cannot be denied, nor is there any reason to attribute sinister motives to the Austrian Government, or to declare that the whole proceeding was collusive and intended to shelter the Czar from an attack on his Bessarabian frontier. There can be no doubt that at the time the ill-success of the Muscovite troops and the personal feelings of the Austrian Emperor had disposed the Court of Vienna to make common cause with France and England, whose forces, numerous and fresh, had with so much ease and dispatch been landed on Turkish soil. That selfish motives also actuated the Austrian policy cannot be doubted; but selfish as well as generous instincts then prompted the statesmen of Vienna to side with the Allies and to throw off the vassalage which during many years had been so evident to the world. The course of the war has to some extent altered the general policy of Austria and has wholly changed the spirit in which she occupies the debateable ground north of the Danube. Various causes now known to the world have prevented the invasion of the Crimea being attended with the speedy success anticipated; and Austria, while her disinclination for war with the Czar increases, is still further led to look only to her own interests in the expensive occupation in which her troops have been engaged for a year past. A few months, or even weeks, may perhaps again change her ideas, but at the present moment Austria, and Germany in general, are slowly returning to their former dread of the Czar, and the advantages which the Cabinet of Vienna formerly expected from the support of the Western Powers it now looks for in territorial aggrandizement with the consent and through the protection of Russia. Although the treaty by which Austria holds the Principalities still remains sacred—although she still appears at Bucharest as the ally of the Porte and her defense against northern invasion—still there can be no doubt that the intentions of many of her statesmen are quite altered, and that the aristocracy, if not the Emperor, now look upon the occupation as an act to be turned to account in another manner from that in which they formerly thought the interests of their country might be served. It now becomes the duty of the Western Powers to terminate an occupation of such doubtful utility to the Porte and to the world. Rendering due acknowledgments for the services which Austria undoubtedly rendered a year ago, they have a right to state that the presence of Austrian troops is no longer required, and that the interests of Austria as well as of Turkey having been served by the retirement of the Russians, there can be no want of gratitude in a request that the Emperor Francis Joseph will join in establishing a permanent government, and that he will then withdraw the force which, according to the people most deeply concerned, the Moldo-Wallachians themselves, is productive of so much anxiety and misery in the country. There can be no danger of the Russians returning; the late Czar, through policy or necessity, proclaimed the war a defensive one, and Russia is too much threatened on all sides to be able to advance beyond her own frontier. But the evacuation by the Austrians can only be demanded with a high tone when something permanent is instituted in the country. The establishment of a Government which shall command the forbearance of the Northern Courts, and shall deliver the land from the anarchy of Turkish rule, must be the first thought of the Western Powers. In this, as in many other matters, there is every argument in favor of immediate action. War does not necessarily imply a cessation from all improvement until its close. There is no reason that France and England should forego the fruits of so many sacrifices until the engineers before Sevastopol have reduced the Mamelon and Redan, or Russian diplomacy has been driven from all its strongholds of evasion and intrigue. The right to establish a Government in the Provinces, and the propriety of doing so immediately, can hardly be denied; the only question is, what form of institution shall be adopted.

Whenever statesmen come to practical questions the vanity of the popular delusion in favor of the Turks is made manifest. The mania of a year since is a little abated, but still there is a large part of the English nation which considers the Ottoman race as worthy and able to rule its extensive territories, and urges that the Sultan's authority should not be limited in any part of his dominions. That the integrity of the Empire would be a great advantage to Europe cannot be denied. If the Sultan's Government were capable of commanding obedience in its European territory, or if some Government were substituted for it more resembling the Christian monarchies of Europe, then it would be indeed folly to continue the system of disjointed and semi-independent States, under the nominal authority of a powerless suzerain. But now that we have sufficiently advanced into this war to be able to judge of its consequences and the future of the East—now that we see that after all little will be changed, and that in spite of much talking the *status quo* will probably be again proclaimed, it is as well to make the most of existing forms, and to establish the best kind of government which is consistent with the ancient polity of the Moldo-Wallachian territory. A state under the suzerainty of the Sultan is a necessity; the question is how to couple such an institution with resistance to northern influences and the future integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The Hospodariat is necessarily a bad institution. A people the most effeminate and unresisting in Europe is exposed to the rapacity of a succession of officials, who look upon their temporary sovereignty only as a means of enriching themselves, their relations, their favorites, or their importuners. Corruption and nepotism are a necessity under such institutions, where men who have raised themselves to notice in a distant capital are sent into a country over which they have plenary authority, without feeling any interest, even of a selfish nature, in its permanet prosperity. The evil example of the Hospodars and their satellites extends to every man who is in any way connected with the country. It is well known that Fuad Pasha, a man of the highest capacity, and of a character far better than the average, received large sums during his connection with the Principalities, and that the transaction was not even hidden by the decent vail which the Turks generally throw over their less legitimate gains. If a vassal or dependent sovereignty is to be continued it will probably be best to establish a branch of some Rayah family on the throne of Bucharest, and to unite the two Provinces into one State. The fact that no prince of the Oriental Church is to be found out of the limits of the Russian family will cause little difficulty; for, as in the case of Otho, a sovereign of the Western Church may retain his religion without any jealousy on the part of the people, on the condition of educating his children in the national faith. The only real difficulty is that any monarch, whatever may be his family or antecedents, will in the end find it to his advantage to court Russian protection, and to carry out Russian policy, unless Austria be strong enough to combat the influence of her mighty neighbor. As in the case of Greece, it is probable that the new State will soon be found endeavoring to extend its territory at the expense of the yet intact dominions of the Sultan, and claiming for Bulgarians and Montenegrins a participation in its own freedom. But it every day becomes more evident that the independence of these countries cannot be assured by any victory, however glorious, or any enterprise, however successful; the long continued attention and patience of the Western Powers must operate to bring the empire into a state which shall allay the fears of Europe. If, then, the establishment of an hereditary sovereignty is the best of the courses which remain to us, it is not to be abandoned because the probable ambition of a reigning house may render necessary the jealousy and interference of the Western nations for many years.

The tribute would of course continue to be paid to the Porte, but with the natural wealth of the Principalities, and the vigor and self-reliance which a stable Government would encourage, it would be but lightly felt. Or the payments might be capitalized, and a sum at once be made over to the failing exchequer in return for a release from all future claims. Whatever may be the determination of those civilized Governments which now control the destinies of Turkey, there can be no doubt that humanity and justice, as well as sound policy, demand a speedy release of the Roumanian race from the actual oppression of the Austrians and the constant prospect of a Muscovite re-invasion. The inhabitants are a peaceable and somewhat servile people, totally unable to defend themselves or the empire on the frontier of which they live. Bucharest has its operas and its French theaters, its shops and cafés, its fashions and its dissipations. But this Capua of the East can never be formidable to an enemy, except from the causes which made its ancient prototype the destroyer of an army. Yet the Roumanians are clever and industrious, and have made great progress in all the arts of superficial civilization, as well as the culture of their rich territory. Though they are not likely ever to play a part in the world's history, or to assist in the regeneration of the East, yet they may form a prosperous and useful State, a sort of Belgium on the confines of Europe, and, consequently, their present condition and future prospects ought not to be disregarded even amid the convulsions of an obstinate war.

MURDER AND SUICIDE AT ST. LOUIS.

On Thursday of last week we published a telegraphic dispatch from St. Louis announcing the murder of a young woman by her brother, and that the murderer had afterward committed suicide. We now publish a more detailed account which we find in *The St. Louis Republican* of the 11th instant:

An incident of a most painful and interesting character has just been brought to light—the murder of a sister by the hands of her own brother, and subsequently his own self-destruction. It will be remembered that on Monday morning we noticed the fact that a young man by the name of F. F. Blessing was found dead in his room at King's Hotel, under circumstances that led conclusively to the belief that he had committed suicide. Such, indeed, turned out to be the fact, and circumstances connected with it and the murder which preceded, are of a nature intensely interesting.

The name of the unfortunate girl was Emily Blessing, who, having no parents, was left to the guardianship of her brothers and a married sister who lives in this city. We do not profess to be strictly accurate, but are informed that she was placed in a convent in this city, and gave such evidences of a dissolute life as to render her relatives exceedingly unhappy. Young Blessing, her brother, was particularly affected by her behavior, and for some time previous to the dreadful occurrence, seemed at times low spirited. On the afternoon of the fatal day, he got a buggy and proceeded to a house on Fourth-st. well-known for its bad repute, and there saw his sister, whom he prevailed upon to take a ride with him. His manner is represented as having been quiet and exhibiting no sign of the terrible resolution he had evidently conceived in his heart.

The brother and sister left the house together. It is known that he went up the Bellefontaine road with and returned without her. He came back to his hotel near dusk, where he was joined, we are told, by his brother and brother-in-law, with whom he spent the evening in his own room, they little dreaming of the dreadful act he had committed. His conduct, in fact, appeared rather gay, and he sent for a bottle of champaigne, which was drank. In the meantime, he occupied himself in writing a letter. After an hour or so spent, they left, and in the morning as before recorded, he was found a corpse. The fact of his having taken his sister out with him and returning without her, and his well-known sensitive nature, created a suspicion that he had killed her as well as himself, and accordingly search was made in the direction which they had gone, and yesterday morning the body of Emily Blessing, his sister, was found near the Watkins road, in the woods, in what is known as the Lower Columbia bottom, about seven miles from the city. She had on a pink muslin dress and a straw bonnet, and there were two bullet-holes through her head, one penetrating above the right temple, and the other just below the cheek-bone, the ball passing out through the left ear.

Upon the Coroner's investigation it was proved by three witnesses that on the evening in question five successive pistol shots were heard. There was a fence near by, and a close examination of the road led to the belief that he had hitched his horse and taken her a distance of some thirty yards in the woods, where he perpetrated the act. The repeated firing can only be accounted for from the fact that she saw his purpose too late, and resisting, some of the barrels missed. The conclusion is clear to our mind: from his subsequent conduct, that he intended killing not only her but himself there, but his weapon was exhausted in sacrificing his sister, and he was compelled to return to the city without putting his fatal resolution in regard to his own life into effect. Certain it is that a few hours afterward, with his own hand, his soul was released from all earthly trouble, and sent into that world where the spirit of his sister had just preceded him.

Mr. Blessing was a young man only about twenty-three years of age, an engineer on the river, and was much esteemed by every one who knew him: and his sister was but a few years his junior.

THEFT BY A PORTER.—A colored man named Andrews, employed as porter in the store of Barton Perkins & Co., No. 9 South William-st., was yesterday arrested by Policeman Masterson of the Chief's Office, charged with stealing a case of Panama hats valued at $1,000 from the store of his employers. The property was stolen last Week, but no trace of it could be obtained until Monday, when it was discovered that the accused had been peddling some of the hats. He was taken before Justice Bogart and committed for examination.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

GRADUATING CLASS OF THE LAW SCHOOL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF ALBANY,

Delivered March 23, 1855.

BY DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

One of the most interesting things in life is the spectacle of a class of young men just finishing their preparatory studies and about to enter upon the world. The competition of the class gone, the excitement of studies in common over, they are passing from the condition of scholars to that of actors. Our imagination follows them into the future. We see them embark now for the first time upon the open sea; where they are often tossed by tempests and often becalmed; where some are drifted ashore, others foundered and a few ride prosperously, with favoring winds and swelling sails into the desired haven.

Such is the spectacle presented to us to-night. A seminary of learning, founded by the zeal and foresight of eminent men who, as judges and lawyers, have illustrated the advantages of study and whose love of knowledge has prompted them to take upon themselves the office of professors and teachers, here dismisses its graduating class with the first public exercises it has ever yet held on such an occasion.

To us, who are assembled to see them start on this voyage of life, to bid them God speed, and perhaps utter some words of counsel, there should seem to be no fitter topic with which to occupy ourselves for the hour we pass together than the obligations which these young gentlemen are about to assume as lawyers toward the community of which they are to form a part. I say *as lawyers* because I am to speak of the peculiar obligations of that profession, and I add *toward the community*, because I am to discuss, not their duties to their clients, but their duties to the State, and I confine myself to that part of their obligations which results from the present condition of their profession and the subject of it, and which relates to the advancement of both.

The topic, therefore, to which this evening I beg to call your attention, is legal reform in its most general acceptation, that is to say, *Reform in the Legal Profession and in the laws*.

The two are intimately connected. An instructed and conscientious legal profession is almost as necessary as a well-devised system of laws; for an uninstructed and dishonest body of lawyers would go far to nullify the wisest code that was ever framed by the wit of man.

Let us first consider the profession. Its present condition we all know. We see and regret its failure, as a body, to fulfill the whole of that high trust which is reposed in it, and to satisfy all the expectations which it might justly raise. Far be it from me in saying this to assent to those terms of obloquy with which some delight to assail it, or even to include all its members in the censure to which as a profession I fear we must submit ourselves. But every candid person must admit that its condition at the present is not such as he would wish it to be. Although it be numerous and powerful, though its members occupy nearly all the offices of the land, though it sees in its ranks a large proportion of the talent and learning among us, it is nevertheless true that its standard of learning is too low, its views of its duty too narrow, its aims too humble, and its voice too weak. The regret with which this confession is made is all the greater, that the opportunities for usefulness were never before so manifested. Foremost in political assemblies, exclusive in the courts of Justice, controlling in the halls of legislation, performing nearly all the functions of magistracy, the lawyers have the amplest means of influencing legislation and opinion. It is not too much to say that in no former period of history, and in no other quarter of the world, has the profession of the law attained to such a development in extent and power. It is natural that it should be so. The importance of the lawyer is always in proportion to the importance of the law. Where will reigns, there is small scope for legal men; where law governs the lawyer flourishes. So, just in proportion as will gives way to law, that is in proportion as men become free, in the same proportion the profession grows powerful. Tell me the freedom of a State and I will tell you the strength of its bar. In the old republics the advocate was always a person of consequence; but inasmuch as violence sometimes usurped the place of law, and the rights of the citizen as against the State were ill-defined and protectad, the advocate gave way before the chief of a party or the commander of armed men. In continental Europe, through all its modern periods, the military profession has taken rank and precedence; and even in England, where the bar is so strong, the aristocracy and army have overshadowed it in popular estimation.

But in our own country the legal profession has every element of strength and preëminence. Our only sovereign is the law, and lawyers are its only ministers and interpreters. The judicial department is recruited solely from its ranks; that department whose functions are greater than were ever before devolved upon the judicial office, and to whose especial keeping the preservation of written constitutions is intrusted.

A profession thus surrounded, and thus upheld, has corresponding duties to fulfill. Its standard of excellence is measured by its opportunities to benefit and its means to excel. Standing before the Bench of Justice, it can enlighten and guide its judgment; sitting in the seats of legislation, it can frame wise and beneficent rules for the government of society; administering executive functions, it can temper justice with mercy, and show that an inflexible execution of the laws, is the perfection of merciful justice. What, then, with so many opportunities and such means of good at command, might not, what ought not, the Bar of this country to be and to do?

To regret that this noble profession of ours, which can accomplish results so beneficial, which numbers among its members so many of the wise and good of all ages, now falls below its ideal standard, is not enough. It is wiser and manlier to retrieve than to regret. Let us then seriously reflect upon the means of advancement, in the several particulars of *professional ethics, manners and education*.

First, as to legal ethics. Though it be far from my intention to disparage the moral sentiments of a large class of our most distinguished men, for I know that those sentiments are of the purest and most exalted kind, and equally far from my mind to join in or countenance that flippant and ignorant denunciation which neither discriminates nor examines, but rashly imputes to the whole the flagrant and undeniable faults of a few; yet I must be permitted to say that the prevalent notions of professional ethics are in one respect too low, and that we must correct them if we would hold that place which should be ours of right, and perform that amount of good that is within our reach. I refer of course to the opinion that one's duty to his client swallows up other duties.

There is no profession, not even the military, which puts in use the sentiment of honor more than our own. There are daily intrusted to us the property, the reputation, the lives of our clients; yet, when have they been betrayed? The secrets of families are in our keeping, and who will complain of their having been divulged? So far as the relations of the lawyer to his client are alone concerned, nothing could be more unexceptionable; they are under the safeguard of that honor which has never yet failed to regulate and preserve them. And what I conceive alone to be wanting is to extend the same sentiment beyond the client to the adverse party and his witnesses, and to the court.

The fundamental error, on this head, I suppose to arise from forgetting that the profession of a lawyer is a means to an end, and that end the administration of justice. His first duty is undoubtedly to his own client, but that is not the only one; there is also a duty to the Court, that it shall be assisted by the advocate; a duty to the adversary, not to push an advantage beyond the bounds of equity; a duty to truth and right, whose allegiance no human being can renounce; and a duty to the State, that it shall not be corrupted by the example of unscrupulous insincerity.

The subject of *professional manners* may be thought by some beneath the dignity of a public occasion; but though it may be of minor importance, I cannot think it unworthy to be mentioned even here. It embraces the official intercourse between the bench and the bar, and the manner in which all the public transactions of the tribunals are conducted—matters upon which their successful working very much depends. There is danger of our forgetting, in the simplicity of our institutions and the ease of private intercourse, that the dignity of judicial affairs requires a certain degree of attention to manner. There is something solemn in the administration of justice, which should banish indecorum, disorder, and levity even, from the place where it is transacted. Nearly all the intercourse in Court takes place between the Judge and the advocate; the nature of the business performed requires that that intercourse should be guarded and respectful; courteous from the bench, respectful from the bar; while the presence of jurors, witnesses and spectators renders this courtesy and respect essential to the maintenance of that consideration for judicial tribunals, without which justice cannot long continue to be well received or well administered. I wish it could be sufficiently impressed upon the minds of all who take part in legal tribunals, that disorderly Courts cannot long continue to command respect; that disobedience, out of doors, will follow contemptuous demeanor within; and that those judgments are most cheerfully accepted, which we know to have been most calmly considered and pronounced. It is not necessary to mention instances of the relaxation of the ancient courtesy. They will readily occur to those who have had opportunities of observation. It is enough to impress upon the minds of lawyers, and especially of young men entering the law, that order, quiet, and the guarded observance of formal and studied courtesy are important, not to say essential conditions of the successful working of that machinery of justice to which their lives are devoted.

Upon the subject of *legal education* I shall have the assent of every candid member of the Profession; for the conviction is nearly universal that we are in that respect deplorably deficient, and that both the community and ourselves are losers by it to an extent which can scarcely be measured. The courts are annoyed and misled, litigation is fostered, the community is distracted, by undisciplined and ignorant persons bearing the name of lawyers who crowd the avenues to the tribunals. If I were asked what subject more than any other ought to engage the attention of the Profession, I should answer, legal education.

The necessity of a high degree of education is apparent, on the slightest consideration of the nature and object of law, of the office of a lawyer, and the knowledge necessary to its exercise. The law is the rule of action for the great proportion of the affairs of life. It defines the rights and duties of men, and prescribes the means of enforcing them; its object is to secure to each, his own; in short, its aim is justice. Now, justice is the great end of civil society. It is for this that we have our great establishments in the civil and military service: our elections, our Legislatures, our magistracy, our foreign legations. These are all means to an end, the protection of the individual in the enjoyment of his legal rights.

Justice is attainable only through lawyers. This, I say, as a general rule; for in particular instances it may doubtless be administered without their intervention; but in the main part they are essential to it. The science of the law is so vast in its extent that they alone can master it who make it their principal study. Only a few men, set apart for that particular calling, and devoting to it the best part of their lives, can learn or apply all the rules which govern the legal relations of men with each other. These rules are as multifarious and complex as are all the relations of all the transactions of the human race. They must be learned before they can be applied; their application is the administration of justice. Thus it happens that the profession of the law is as necessary as justice itself, coeval with the constitution of civilized society, and inseparable from its existence.

What society needs is a body of men versed in the laws; not a body of unlettered persons, calling themselves lawyers, skilled only in the routine of a scrivener's office. A lawyer without knowledge of the law is an imposture. To be really such is to know the law, in all its departments, in its divisions, almost without limit, and in its generalizations; and thus to know it, he must have studied it as a science, long and well; he must have surveyed its plan, measured its proportions, and examined its details; he must have comprehended the greatness of the whole, the harmony of its parts, and the infinite diversity of its particulars.

Nor is this all, nor even the half of what is required of him. When he has learned from lectures and books the rules of law, he has still two difficult mental processes to perform—one to deduce particular rules from general, for newly evolved relations; and the other to apply an established general rule to meet new phases of facts constantly arising, as various, and yet as like, as the human countenance itself. These processes require the exercise of reason; of reason thoroughly instructed; trained to the carrying on of complex operations; able to trace analogies, detect motives, and separate false conclusions from the true.

Supposing the lawyer to have acquired such a knowledge of the law as we have described, and to have become master of a severe logic equal to his station, he has still to acquire an art, which has ever been esteemed most difficult of acquisition—the art of a graceful and persuasive diction. Without it the profoundest scholar and the closest logician will fail of that complete success at which the true lawyer should aim. If he were to confine himself to consultations in his chambers, he might forego it; if his discourse were to be made only to the courts, dry reasoning might avail him; but he is also to persuade juries, which are, to a great degree, popular bodies, subject to popular influences, and always liable to be swayed by an eloquent address. I hardly know of a place where eloquence is more likely to be felt than in the jury-box, after the excitement of a close examination and cross examination of witnesses, and in a case which appeals to both the passions and the judgment. The gravity of the occasion, the magnitude of the interests at stake, the keenness of the contest, the solemnity imposed by the presence of the Judge, all combine to make the scene impressive, and to add interest and force to the reasoning and appeals of the advocate. It is on such an occasion, when the nature of the question has obliged him to draw upon all his stores of knowledge, to task to the utmost his powers of logic, and to exert every means of persuasion which the art of the rhetorician can supply, that the true lawyer approaches the ideal which exists in his imagination. It is this ideal that I would set before the eye of every student at law; the image of one whose diligence has compassed the learning required for his profession, who has disciplined his mind to exact thought and vigorous logic, and who writes and speaks his native language, forcibly, correctly, gracefully.

How is this ideal to be approached? Not by such study and preparation as are common with us. Persons are admitted to practice after a year or two passed in a lawyer's office, where, if they receive instruction, it is by chance, and if they read it is amid frequent interruption. No preliminary training is required before a student enters an office, and when he leaves it he is subjected to an examination, which lasts, perhaps, two or three hours, divided between himself and others, and which for all useful purposes might as well be omitted. Introduced into the law, with this imperfect preparation, what happens? Either that he makes up this early deficiency by studies pursued amid the distractions of business or the discouragements of a struggle to obtain it; or that he subsides into that most useless of all citizens, and I might add, most hurtful of professional men, an undisciplined, half-educated lawyer, the transcriber of legal formulas, the promoter of neighboring litigation, the unsafe guide, the hopeless bigot. It is no answer to say that the present arrangement produces many eminent men; they are produced, not by it, but in spite of it. But look around, and tell me, what is the proportion of instructed and accomplished men. Listen to the arguments presented to Courts, or the addresses spoken to juries, and tell me how defective many of them are, how wanting in scholarship, how poor in conception, how faulty in execution. Or take another test, and a very just one, of lawyer-like training and skill—the written pleadings in an action; what do they disclose of the lack of legal education? Show a Judge a pleading, and it is rare but he can tell from it whether he who drew it is a lawyer in fact as well as in name; if it be a clear, concise statement of the facts of the claim or defense, set forth with logical precision and order, he has studied his profession to some purpose; if it be confused, redundant, without point or logical method, he is pronounced uninstructed and incompetent.

What, then, is the remedy? Not by any new law, imposing additional restrictions upon admissions to the bar, for that with us is impracticable, even if it were desirable. It is by raising the standard of excellence in the mind of the profession, and, at the same time, enlarging the means of education. Prepare the way for the student to acquire that knowledge, mental discipline and facility of address, which make the consummate lawyer, and show him, at the same time, that the best chance of competing with his fellows, and winning the prizes of his profession, is by following the way thus prepared, and you will have reformed the profession.

But you must supply the means as well as the incentive for this comprehensive legal education. There is no road to knowledge and discipline but through training, instruction and study. You must have instructors and the accessories to instruction, libraries, examples and competition. There is knowledge to be acquired by long, systematic, patient study; power of reasoning accurately, closely, to be gained only by hardy discipline of the mind; and the graces of composition and elocution by observation of the best models and persevering trial. These studies, this discipline and the necessary practice in writing and debate cannot be had in the chance education of a lawyer's office. It is in schools and seminaries of law, like that in whose public exercises we are now engaged, and there alone, that they can be found. Whoever dreams of effecting a reform in legal education by any other mode than a full, general and thorough scheme of public instruction, with the aid of professors, libraries, competition and debates, will fail of his object; and the sooner lawyers, legislators and the whole people come to that opinion the better for us all.

Education is the great republican remedy for public ills; not education for one class or profession, but for all classes and all professions, and such an education as is best adapted to make each perfect in his peculiar calling. With education come self respect and virtue. And he is the wisest statesman who, in his comprehensive plan, looks, not merely to the education of all citizens in the rudiments of knowledge, but to the education of each for the part he is to perform in life; for the State has an interest not only that all her children shall be taught, but that each shall be taught that which it concerns the State he shall best understand; and while common schools are fostered as they ought, let not professional schools and seminaries be neglected. Instruction in the art of war is justly an object of public concern; so is instruction in all the arts of peace. In what manner, and to what extent, the State should interpose, I do not here discuss; but that it should encourage the spread of knowledge and the advancement of learning in all its departments, in mechanical arts, in agriculture, in the fine arts, in the medical and legal professions, and in the mathematical and physical sciences, I hold to be a fundamental principle of republican government.

I have thus considered Reform in the legal profession as fully as the limits of this Address will allow,